

# The Coming Day.

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JULY, 1898.

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## THE CONQUERING CHRIST.

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SPOKEN AT DUKINFIELD.

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*'He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'*—I. Cor. xv. 25.

It matters not to us that a great deal of this chapter is mystical, and that a little of it is incomprehensible. We might even admit that some of it is hardly believable. But we do not feel bound to believe everything in the Bible, to account for everything, to explain everything, to harmonise everything:—enough for us if we can find a living truth here and there to help, instruct and cheer us.

Such a truth I have just read, in these few words,—‘for he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.’ And here, again, it does not matter to us in what way the words will be actually fulfilled, nor need we cast about for a solution of the problem—how will Christ reign? and how will he put all enemies under his feet?

The point of value for us here is the living and practical thought that it is the Christly things, the Christly forces, in this world that are destined to reign and to put all enemies under their feet. Even though we did not believe in the continued and present existence of Christ—as I for one firmly do—the thought would be the same—that his principles, his spirit, and his aims, are destined to reign at last triumphantly, victorious over all antagonistic powers.

This, I take it, is the essential element in Christianity:—not the deity of Jesus, not the miracles of Jesus, not the prophecies concerning

Jesus, not the death of Jesus, not even, as I have said, the existence of Jesus now,—but the whole sum and substance of his teachings, life and spirit, introduced as a vital force into the intellectual and moral life of the world, and operative and operating to-day. Nay! even though you disconnect these intellectual and moral elements from him, and treat them only as the products of the general advance of mankind, and the fruits of modern civilisation,—even though you say of these bright, beautiful and elevating moral forces,—they are not Christ's, they are ours, and they are only like him,—even though you de-personalise Christ, and attribute to developed humanity what has been attributed to him—even so the truth may remain, and Jesus himself would not rebuke you if he were here: for personal glorification does not matter to noble souls, but only the triumph of ideas: and if you can get the ideas of Jesus to work, if you can make his thoughts triumphant amongst men, if you can put upon the moral throne of the world, his principles and not his person, he would be the first to rejoice, and the last to complain that in exalting his ideas you had neglected him.

I proceed, then, to inquire,—What are the aims, the ideas and the moving principles which we may identify with Jesus Christ, and of which we may say ;—They must reign till all opposing forces are put under them? And, in tracing these, I should be content not to open the New Testament at all, for the purpose of quoting special passages, but to rely upon what has been well called, the Christian consciousness, which exists as the product of the thought, the communion and the effort of 1800 years: for, during all these centuries, it has undoubtedly been true that the Christian ideal has been developing; that the accidental and the unimportant have been slowly but surely dropping away from the portrait of Jesus, even as given in the Gospels; and that his divine thoughts, working themselves out in the midst of our dark problems and terrible dissensions, have really been creating a type of character quite unique in human history. I care not, then, to fall back upon ancient records, to quote apostolic authorities, to count proof texts; I prefer rather to

point to the living disciples, the moving events, the actual results of our own time, and to claim for Jesus Christ that he does represent, morally and historically, the most helpful and the most hopeful features in our modern civilisation.

Take, for instance, only these four facts of modern society in our highly civilised communities;—a growing sense of the value of personal freedom (or, in other words, respect for the rights of the individual); a more serious regard for human life; a higher standard of morals, and an increase of the spirit of helpfulness. In all these respects (in spite of many signs to the contrary), it is perfectly obvious that the world is vastly improved, and is improving. Living as we do in the midst of this great drama of human history, and being ourselves actors who have to make their parts in the mighty play as they go on, we do not always see how the plot is going—nay! are sometimes driven to doubt whether there is a plot at all,—whether, after all, things are not going by chance, shaping themselves without a purpose and without a plan. Besides, we are often sorely tried by near contact with some one evil, and every one of us is apt to magnify the special evil that afflicts or grieves himself. Thus, for instance, we notice with grief the prevalence of intemperance, and cherish a special (and a very healthy) antagonism to that; but we may easily be led into a wrong estimate of the condition of society on that head, as compared with former times. We see and feel the present evil, but the past we have felt nothing of, though it may have been immeasurably more intemperate; and we lose sight of the general improvement in the overpowering sense of special offences. It is so with other forms of evil, in respect of which it is almost true that ‘distance lends enchantment to the view.’

Take, then, the first of the facts I named,—the growing sense of the value of personal freedom. It is not to be doubted that, on this one head alone, the condition of Europe to-day is altogether different from its condition a few hundred years ago. The feudal lord, the aristocratic taskmaster and the class legislator are all alike a vanishing quantity now. In this country, at least, we are

rid of these for ever. And yet we have only emerged into our present freedom by slow degrees. There was a time when the working man, even in this country, was the merest serf, bound to his chief or master by ties that told of complete authority on the one hand and as complete submission on the other;—when the public teacher of religion who ventured upon a hundredth part of what I have taken during the past few years would have lost his life;—when the very schoolmaster had to be licensed by clerical masters before he could be allowed to teach the Rule of Three;—when subjects were only regarded as conveniences, useful to nobles, priests and kings; and when rulers did right or wrong equally, by express warrant from the 'Almighty;—when freedom of thought and speech had to be snatched at by those who wanted to push on.

All that is over now; and we are passing rapidly on to the highest stage of thought here,—not only that personal freedom is the right of the individual, but that it is the safeguard of the community: for no one is safe if anyone is oppressed. Now, I say that the ideal Christ,—the Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of the educated Christian consciousness,—is felt to be, if not the originator, at all events the representative of this better spirit. His life was far removed from the passions, the selfishnesses, the degrading fears or the narrowing ambitions, that have ever been at the root of tyranny and oppression;—his spirit was the spirit of perfect freedom; and his teachings have always been incompatible with the harsh lines that men have drawn, while they have ever pointed to the reign of equity, charity and mercy. I know the answer to this;—that some of the most violent enemies of freedom have been men who spoke and acted in Christ's name. Yes, but do you ever feel they had any affinity with him? Paul was right,—'Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' When his spirit reigns upon earth, not one oppressed subject, not one driven slave, will moan upon it.

The same may be said of the second fact I named,—a more serious regard for human life. Indeed, the two are closely related. Where per-

sonal freedom is valued, human life is respected; but, wherever the tyrant thrives, the persecutor and the shedder of blood are found. Here again the advance is unquestionable. It is true that the old brutality lingers in our tolerance of that gigantic curse and monstrous blasphemy—war; and it is true that even ‘orthodox’ Christian England insults its God and crucifies Him afresh by its delight in that which His very name, ‘The Prince of Peace,’ condemns. But here again we feel the odious inconsistency, and we know that if Christ had sway, this blasphemy against God and man would be known no more.

So with regard to our punishments, in relation to which we may more clearly see the great Christian advances we have made. We have taken an immense stride, in passing from the frightful cruelties of the ancient criminal codes and the brutal excesses of irresistible power to the mild penalties, the decent punishments, and the grave securities of modern times. One of our latest steps in this direction has been the taking of the gallows out of the public gaze; our next will be the abolition of that last symbol of a savage thirst for blood and of the absurd logic which argues that regard for human life can be promoted by taking it. The religion of Jesus Christ is beginning to prevail at last; and his sweet and tender regard for life,—for life in all its grades,—is beginning to sway the thoughts, the judgments and the actions of mankind. What is the secret of all that is most real, most earnest and most enlightened in the modern cry for universal education? At the bottom of it lies this very respect for human life. So long as human life was valued lightly, who cared for education? Any dullard was good enough for a slave; any dunce was good enough for a serf; any fool was good enough to be led forth to kill or to be killed for his lord. It was when men and women began to see the sanctity of life,—the preciousness and the sacredness of even one human being on God’s earth: it was when the sublime and awful meaning of the words, ‘a living soul,’ burst upon the spirit: it was when the horror of the spectacle of one poor creature destroyed for lack of knowledge

appalled the enlightened conscience, that the cry went up for education; and now we all say, and it can only be a good thing to say, 'It is a truly blessed thing for every human creature to be lifted as high as possible above the level of the beast.' Take pity on the untaught; and, all the more because they are ungrateful and rude and violent, do all you can to help them; for they are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Yes, when the tender, humane and loving regard for human life that dwelt in the heart of Jesus completely reigns in the world, we shall be even lavish of our efforts to bring the human mind out of animal darkness into humanity's marvellous light.

The third fact,—a higher standard of morals,—many would deny: but here the law I have already referred to applies. We are very close to the evils of the present but very far from the evils of a former day; and distance does lend enchantment to the view. By a 'higher standard of morals,' I mean a higher general standard,—a sort of ethical common sense. We seem to be receding from the old and lofty standard of saintliness, and to be becoming common-place even in our morality; but exceptional saints are not what we mostly need (any more than exceptional millionaires). Our greatest want is diffused goodness, common virtue and general purity. And, besides, it is by no means certain that the reputed saints of an earlier day were really as morally sound and as spiritually elevated as they have been pictured. The old saints often took an entirely wrong view of human life, and put far more faith in sacrifice than in mercy, in bodily laceration than in mental discipline, in gloomy isolation than in wholesome activity; and it would not be difficult to find, in these modern days, types of saintliness far higher than these cloistered saints supplied:—

The passing of whose gracious feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street.

And it is here we may see in the clearest light the growing influence of the moral power which may most justly be associated with the name of Jesus. Even they who have scoffed at his faith, denied his miracles, and rejected his mission, have

admitted the wonderful beauty of his life and the singular purity of his teachings. Indeed, we cannot associate the name of Jesus with anything base or unclean. The very word 'Christly' stands in our common speech for the purest things, the most gracious deeds, and the sweetest spirit. And that spirit is winning its way amongst us, though it has still much to change. Domestic life is becoming purer; social life is occupying a higher level; commercial life, now covering a field it never knew before, is giving an opportunity for the display of some of the very highest of the Christian virtues,—an opportunity which, in spite of many disheartening and shameful drawbacks, is not being lost; while political life (in this country, at all events), has altogether changed its character during the last seventy or eighty years. Yes, everywhere the higher standard is at work; and the true lord of life is reigning, and must reign, until all enemies—all the forces of darkness—are put under his feet.

I name, finally, an increase in the spirit of helpfulness as one of the facts of modern society, and one sign of the gradual advance of the principles and spirit of Jesus. The tendency of legislation, the practical application of the modern doctrine of the sacredness of human life, the efforts of the charitable, the new spirit of Christian teaching (laying less stress upon dogma and more stress upon duty), the anxiety about education, all alike point to a decrease in class selfishness, and at least a feeling after the spirit of human brotherhood. As yet, we are only on the threshold of the temple; but we shall one day enter in. We shall then break down the selfish barriers that have all along been dividing the rich from the poor, the ruling classes from the ruled, masters from servants; and the spirit of helpfulness will be found to be the best cure for ills which trade regulations, class conflicts and Acts of Parliament could never touch.

Yes! there is our only hope amid the ominous clouds that are settling down upon the future. Combination will only call forth combination, till (like the modern armies of Europe), the chief excuse for the costly game will be that every one

is armed. And nothing can save us from the most wasteful and cruel contests, from the most bitter antagonisms, from the most fatal class wars, but the spirit which I have called the spirit of helpfulness,—the simple desire to do what is just and right,—the best for all, and therefore the best for each.

But that right spirit will not fail us. Amid much that looks like the reverse, sympathy is one of the signs of the times. We resent injustice, we hate cruelty, we defend the young, we are getting ashamed of our treatment of the old. The historian may perhaps describe this as the age of subscription lists. But that is only cobbling the old shoe. The spirit of helpfulness which is coming will not so much subscribe as co-operate and serve.

All these changes and signs of change should make us cheerful and hopeful, should encourage us in pushing on amid all discouragements, should give us a firm hold of the future, and a great trust in God and man.

Meanwhile, do whatever good work your hand finds to do, and do it with your might. Stay not to ask whether the world is pleased or offended, whether you will succeed or fail, whether you will have company or stand alone, whether you will be rich or poor ; but do your work and leave the rest to God and the Brotherhood. In a little while it will be all over, and you will forget that you were ever disappointed or tired : and when you are far away, the good work will go on, the rightful King will come to his own, and he will reign whose right it is to reign ; and all enemies will be put under his feet,—ignorance, fear, impurity, disease, poverty, hate, uncharity ; and even that last enemy will be destroyed,—the fear of death : for in that bright and happy day which is coming, the love of man will take away all hate, and the love of God will take away all fear.

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## WOMAN'S SPHERE AND WOMAN'S WORK.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

*'Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.'*—Proverbs xxxi., 31.

THAT is a real text. It packs in a few words the very essence of all I have to say;—Let the woman be free, then give her all she can win, 'the fruit of her hands,' and let her works measure the praise of her:—in three words, admit her full right to Freedom, Justice, Praise.

The old phrase 'woman's rights' was once, and is with foolish persons still, a phrase of contempt. But a steady change has come o'er the spirit of our dream; and, to-day, the question which, 25 years ago, was treated as a jest, is now on the point of being ripe for legislation: and there are some of us who think we can see that it has its deep social bearings upon modern civilisation, and even its vital relations with Religion itself. Yes; for what is Religion but that which helps us to live, wisely and finely, this one chance of a human life? Is it or is it not a fact that tens of thousands of women are battling against all kinds of adverse influences in their efforts to earn their daily bread? Is it or is it not a fact that social customs, popular opinion and even legislative enactments, put woman at a serious disadvantage, so that, in addition to certain natural drawbacks, she has to contend with artificial barriers and disqualifications? Is it or is it not a fact that she is shut out from work she could do and excluded from positions she could usefully occupy? and is it or is it not a fact that most of these disqualifications are purely arbitrary, and not of her making at all? Talk about Religion! If these matters are not within its sphere, as matters of vital human interest, Religion must be revised.

But there is a word of warning wanted here. Nothing is more tempting, and nothing is easier, than to impute motives and to bring charges of tyranny and selfishness against men where the rights of women are concerned: but we need to closely distinguish between the denunciation of

injustice and the denunciation of persons as unjust. There have been advocates of the woman's cause who have insisted, at all points, that women have been kept down because men are selfish, and that women have been refused their rights because men have been tyrants. There is a touch of truth in it, but the exaggeration has sometimes been gross. It is perfectly true that many of our customs and laws concerning woman have been devised by or have grown out of the selfishness and the masterfulness of men,—as the very marriage service of the Established Church proves, where the woman is treated as a commodity to be 'given away' to a man by a man. 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' asks the priest who then 'receives' the woman from the giver, and passes her on to her future owner. And the law of the land backed up the Book of Common Prayer, by transferring her property and her earnings to the man, and by making him the custodian of the children even to her total exclusion,—a barbarism which, only by the fierce protesting of women, very lately came to a reluctant end.

But very much of our more modern enclosure of woman has been the result of an opposite feeling. For a long time we have ceased to make slaves of women, but for many years they have been elaborately spoiled.

It is not as true as it was: but women have been decorated and indulged, secluded and spared, considered and adored, soaked in flattery and smothered with finery, till at last we persuaded ourselves that they somehow belong to a different race; and, when we got the natural results of the folly of man, and found that women are shut out from half of the employments of life and are mostly unfit for the other half, we held up our hands with astonishment and exclaimed against the subjection of woman! and, all the while, the trouble was, not that men were selfish and tyrannical, but that they brought up women on silks and seclusion, and repressed them with roses. Take the one fact that sons get an all-round education with a view to work, and are then quickly put to something useful, while daughters, even

though well educated, too, are admired for the clearness of their skin and their white hands, praised for their ability to extract pain from a piano, and kept from everything like work, if the man can only afford it. It is not a case of the subjection of woman but of their misuse, on the same lines as the treatment of his daughter by Sir Aylmer Aylmer and his wife who, as Tennyson makes the brave preacher say,—were found

*Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good.*

Another trouble needs to be guarded against, and, in some respects, this is a serious one. It is a difficult one to state, but, at present, it may be put as the possible dissipation of the deep spiritual differences between men and women. The opponents of woman's entrance into all spheres and all fields of work are right in their contention that men and women differ, and must differ, and ought to differ, in their characteristic notes and spirit-tones, but they are wrong in the application of that doctrine. A woman ought to be, not as much like a man as possible; but as much like a woman as possible; and there is something to say in favour of the view that it would be better to retain the present artificial distinctions than to lose the natural ones; and one of the most serious parts of the problem before us is—how to get rid of the artificial and retain the natural. There are certain peculiarities of mental touch and spiritual expression which belong to woman and which need to be developed and not obliterated: and, if we lost these, or schooled ourselves into not looking for them, we should be far worse off than we are now, even though women healed us, preached to us, and legislated for us. There is even a danger connected with the advocacy of her rights by a woman, and she has great need to guard her dearest right of all—the right to the clear, sweet womanly note or tone. It is not easy to preserve it on the path of a campaigner or of a pioneer,—but it is possible, as many women have proved; and the woman who can keep her womanly tone and note and yet fight the good fight is one a man might well reverence and admire, as a creation of God, finer than himself. It is not a question of

mere speech and behaviour, it is a question of nature, spirit, personal tone—and of that subtle magnetism of the self which knows nothing of Acts of Parliament, can get nothing from teachers of ‘deportment,’ and laughs at rules.

And now as to woman’s sphere and work. As I have said, the solution of the problem is in my text, ‘Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates’: in homelier phrase,—Give her a chance, and let her do whatever she can do, and have whatever she can earn.

At the outset let us freely admit—I would even freely urge—that the most natural sphere of woman’s work is the home. This old writer’s picture of the ideal woman was the picture of a woman at home. Where it can be, and as far as it is necessary that it should be, the woman’s work is at home. Nature has determined it, and experience confirms it: and home-work may be made very delightful, precious and sacred work. Very many sides of it, too, require tact and wisdom of a very high order, and happy is the woman who succeeds in it. There will come a time when the great servant question will settle itself by sensible people helping themselves, and by daughters being glad to take home-work as one of the most honourable things, or the most honourable thing, that they can do. There are tens of thousands of wholesome and happy English homes where this is so, and where daughters are as really and as usefully at work and in business as though they went to the city every day. In fact, the being a daughter is often, in itself, a profession, and a very badly paid profession, too. But happy are the fathers and brothers who see it and understand it! and happy the daughters and sisters who feel the value of what they do, and who love their vocation—their share of the life of home.

But the indiscriminate use of the phrase ‘a woman’s place is at home’ is foolish or cruel in front of the facts that very distinct talent may be shewn for work elsewhere, and that the need to earn a living may force women away from home. Thousands of women, in reply to the thoughtless pushing of them back by the cry ‘Woman’s place is at home,’ might say and with exceeding bitter-

ness, 'And what if I have no home but what I work for day by day?'

Now as to this possession of talent for work outside the home. The ideal is that a woman should be as free as a man to employ it. Why not? That abused phrase 'It is not lady-like' has much to answer for. Why should it be more 'unlady-like' to cash a cheque at a desk than to ride a horse in the park? Why should it be more 'lady-like' to pound a piano than to clean a pair of boots? Why should not a woman be a lawyer as well as a nurse, or a stock and share broker as well as a postmistress? Everything seems odd until you get used to it. 'Woman's sphere!' Every woman is in her sphere when she is doing what she can do well and what she delights to do. That is the only test. I know no indication of God's will or Nature's intention except the possession of faculty and the sense and ability to use it. Men laugh, at this or that, and say,—'She is not fit for it.' Let her try: the event will prove it. 'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.' The wise woman will take her own course and go her own way; shape her own life and do her own work; find out her own vocation and, if necessary, make her own sphere: but the foolish woman will ask for the decision of fashion and be just as insipid or as useless as 'Society' demands—will waste her powers and neglect her heavenly gifts, and miss both her vocation and her path.

Now for some particulars. It has been so long recognised that woman can take her place as a worker in literature and the fine arts that no vindication of her place among the writers and artists of the world is necessary: but there were days when woman never dreamed of stepping across the threshold of literature and art, and when man never resented it only because he never witnessed the 'unlady-like audacity.' We have, however, given in as regards literature and art: but we still shrink from the presence of women in other fields. At this very moment, the practice of medicine by women is either not believed in or is resented by men: and it is only a few years ago that the men students at the University of Edinburgh

rioted in opposition to the admission of women as medical students, and that every College and University was closed against them. And yet, other things being equal, it seems to me that a woman's nature is specially adapted for the physician's work; and it has yet to be proved that a woman cannot acquire the skill, the nerve, the coolness, the patience and the reticence necessary for that great calling. Anyhow, it verges upon the disgraceful that obstacles should be thrown in the way of such women as desire to fit themselves for it if they can; and public opinion and sentiment in regard to this sphere only shew how we are swayed by habit and use.

But there is one other sphere concerning which an even deeper feeling, opinion or prejudice exists;—I refer to the reception of women as public teachers on the platform and in the pulpit, respecting which I have to say that not only should women have a chance in this sphere but that, in my judgment, they have capacities for it of the highest order. These capacities have, during the past few years, been exhibited in a most remarkable manner. Women have shown that they can speak keenly, tersely, convincingly, charmingly and brilliantly, both to the intellect and the sympathies; so much so that I am strongly inclining to the opinion that the proportion of women who can speak well and to the point, is greater than the proportion of men who can speak well and to the point: and certainly, as regards the teaching of Religion, it is precisely what I have called the woman's spirit-tone and personal note that we require. The prejudice against women as public speakers and ministers is a mere prejudice, and it must disappear as Nature's intention is revealed. In any case, it must be admitted that the great questions of the future are all questions for women, as they mainly relate to social matters, and to these from a humanitarian point of view.

There are many minor employments in which women might be more generally engaged. This is being very widely admitted, and even the government has its eyes open to it: and surely, as a mere question of endurance, the girls and women who can stand the noise, the odour, the heat and the

standing about inseparable from a weaving shed or a spinning mill, could bear the fatigue of a score of trades from which custom or prejudice excludes them.

The wonder is that so many should look to these employments while so many good homes are calling out for servants. We hear much of the long hours and the starvation wages of girls in workshops, but these girls seem inclined to do anything rather than go into a gentleman's house to serve. Many of them are not fit for it, but they shrink from qualifying. They will work at book-stitching, at slopwork, at match-making, they will sit behind a sewing machine all day, will spoil their eyes and lose their senses over needlework, will degrade themselves by spending their lives in making artificial flowers—anything rather than go and help to keep in order a nice home, with all that that means of practical training to fit them for homes of their own. Masters and mistresses are partly to blame, but the creation of a wholesome public opinion is needed amongst the poor.

The German government requires every man to serve his term as a soldier, be he peasant or prince. In like manner, it would be a fine thing if we could compel every woman to serve for a year in some good family as teacher, nursemaid, waitress or cook. In that way something undeniably useful would be learnt and a very foolish prejudice would be broken down.

But, in whatever way a woman's work is done, the gospel for the day is,—Do something : in relation to which the man's urgent duty is to be helpful, gracious, generous, just. 'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.'

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## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

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[The following lately appeared in 'The Echo.']

IN the Bible, which so many think they revere and which so few know anything about, there is a hot 'curse' threatened against the man who holds back corn. Probably the modern demon who sneaks

the wheat of half the world and sits on it until he can create a fancy price had his counterpart in the ancient world ; and then, as now, the people cursed him—so says The Book.

Not many days ago a certain monopolist mill-owner in Italy got up a special thanksgiving mass in his private chapel, as a devout offering to the Virgin Mary who had so far blessed him as to enable him to sell corn at 50f. per cwt. The Mass was attended by his workpeople, and was, of course, duly paid for by the monopolist. A few days ago this same mill-owner's head was smashed to pulp by an infuriated mob, his mills were plundered, and his house was fired. It is a ghastly object-lesson. If we had prophet-preachers, it might serve for a terrible text. What has St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey to say about it ?

People are wondering at this outburst in Italy. There is nothing wonderful in it. One little word tells it all—POVERTY. Italy has been slowly sliding down to beggary while her politicians and rulers have been wantonly playing the fool in trying to imitate the big military swaggerers of the world. Was it for this that Mazzini taught and struggled ? Was it for this that Garibaldi fought ? Was it for this that Young Italy dreamed and bled—and died ? In all that makes for the material well-being of the people, Italy was better off when under the yoke. And there, all the time, Switzerland is showing her patriots what they have missed.

The people are long-suffering, and almost any kindly fool could govern them anywhere ; but misery maddens. It always did, and it always will ; and Italy—toiling and tax-paying Italy—has had her cup of misery running over this many a day. The cruel rise in the price of bread and the disappearance of the thin line that lay between endurance and starvation, has done its work ; and everywhere the miserable are enjoying the luxury of a scream ; and, behind the misery, lurks the old Ideal. No one need wonder ; no one here will be in a hurry to blame.

The judgment day has been nigh at hand more than once in America, and it is never anything but postponed. There may be seen one of the strangest sights in the world. A mighty

nation, intended to give to the world the spectacle of a free people, is fast repeating and aggravating some of the worst tyrannies of the Old World—a prey to the landlord, the usurer, and the exploiter; and, at this hour, it permits a few callous and desperate financial adventurers to control its railroads, its land, its government and its food. The corner demon, the syndicate, the trust, the millionaire and the gambler are its masters. There *must* come a judgment day.

What is the remedy? There is none, until the people know their power and use it; until they educate themselves to know the world they are living in—or, at all events, want to be educated to know it; until they take their lives and fortunes into their own hands. Remedy? O, yes; there is a remedy, sure enough; but it will not move on conventional and traditional lines.

J. P. H.

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### OPTIMISM IN EXCELSIS.

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No one has ever accused us, no one will ever be likely to accuse us, of looking on the dark side of life; but we often feel as though we would like to gently protest against the over-happy optimist's rose-pink picture of life. He is often the successful poet or the popular preacher who only imagines he knows the truth about the misery of the world. Our friend, the Rev. M. J. Savage, is the latest case in point. One of his congregation had said; 'If I did not believe in continued existence after death, I would not endure the conditions of the present life a week: I would take myself out of the way.' This state of mind, Mr. Savage says, he does not understand. On the contrary, he says, 'I have never seen one moment since I can remember when I was not simply glad to be alive, and that without any regard to the end or the issue.' Then he immediately added; 'Is it not worth while to have looked over this wondrous earth, to have seen the expanse of plain, trees, brooks running down the hillside, the river sweeping to the sea, the ocean, the mountains, the light of the blessed day, the stars brooding over us at

night, the moon walking in her beauty amid them? Is not this worth while? Is it not worth paying for by pain, by suffering?’

We are afraid that this is only the talk of a poet-preacher, with a large salary and long holidays. How many thousands there are who know next to nothing of Mr. Savage's programme of Nature's glorious performances! How many thousands there are whose glimpses of such glories have only been like mockeries of their misery! Ask the desperate peasants and operatives of Italy.

But, in the sermon which contains the passage just cited, there is a thought of great value,—simple enough, but needing to be made ‘familiar in our mouths as household words.’ It refers to the dark mystery of the misery of separation from our beloved ones by death. He says;—

This is inevitable. I see no way by which the All-wisdom, the All-love, or the All-goodness can prevent this. We cannot all be born at once. If we all died at once the world would stop, and civilisation be no more. We come into the world, then, alone, one at a time; we must go out alone, one at a time. But let me tell you what I believe about the going out there, as I know about the coming here. When we came here, we came not unexpected. We had been looked for; love had been making preparation for us; and, when we came, we were folded in arms of tenderness and care. So I believe, when we go, we shall go expected; we shall find there has been preparation; we shall be received into arms of tenderness and care. So, though we go alone, let us not fear. The great Power that prepared for our coming will prepare for that new arrival; for each step of progress from the far-off beginning until to-day, up the pathway of the millions of years, has been a path of advance in all that is light and sweet and good. Do you think the law changes suddenly now, and that the next step is to something poorer? I do not believe it!

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## THE FATAL RAINBOW.

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‘The Fatal Rainbow,’ is the taking title of a very clever review of ‘The Polychrome Bible,’ in ‘The Literary Guide.’ Perhaps the ‘Guide’ will not object to our using his stick, to point out the view to our readers. He says;

Immediately on opening Professor Moore's edition of the Book of Judges one gives an involuntary start. Across the sacred text which fills the ample quarto pages there are spread bands of mysterious colours—blue, purple, green, yellow, and

stripes of subordinate shades. In the companion volume of Isaiah ominous patches of red gleam and blush. 'What new thing is this? What sacrilegious hand dares to paint these gay tints upon the very 'Word of God'? Is this another proof of the irreverence of the Rationalistic Nineteenth Century? Has anarchy invaded the Temple, and presumed to smear the Altar with oils from the painter's palette?

It is not anarchy; it is not irreverence; it is not sacrilege. But it is a sign of the awakening of Christendom's intellect. It is a revelation of Revelation. It unveils the veiled. This polychrome device is a fatal rainbow, which throws a light upon the old Hebrew Scriptures, and betrays the secret of their structure. But only fatal to pretence; only fatal to dogma. Fatal to the theory of Divine Inspiration; not fatal to an admiration for a great national literature; not fatal to our esteem for the brave old Hebrew faith which wrought righteousness and put to flight the armies of aliens.

Let us glance a moment at the orthodox conception (is it really orthodox in June, 1898?) of the method in which Holy Scripture was written. A pious scribe—so the old idea ran—sat down to write the history of his nation, or of a tribe, or of a hero; and, as he wrote, the God-spirit agitated his brain, enlivened his memory, guided his hand, and guarded his pen from mistake and his eyes from illusion. In such wise Moses wrote the Pentateuch—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; and contemporary scribes jotted down the adventures of Joshua and the exploits of Judges, &c. The keynote of this conception was homogeneousness—that is to say, there was supposed to be a unity and harmony running through each composition, and impressing it as the work of one author and the product of one particular period.

The fatal rainbow of the Polychrome Bible disperses these conventional beliefs. It shows that the homogeneousness is really heterogeneousness. It proves that the Pentateuch and Joshua and Judges were the production of a series of folk-lorists and legend-gatherers, one writing in one age, another in another, a third interpolating, a fourth editing, a fifth re-editing and re-copying, and so on. Hence the necessity for an edition of the Bible which shall make these successive layers manifest, while yet retaining the antique order of chapters and verses. Hence the ingenuity which displays variety of authorship by variety of colours.

*Black on White*—i.e., untinted type, printed in the usual manner—stands for the Judaic document which forms so considerable a stock for the legends of Genesis and other portions of the Pentateuch. The author refers to God by the name JHVH, or Yahveh, and gives prominence to the interests of the tribe of Judah. His document was probably made directly from the materials of popular oral tradition; and his date may be the ninth century B.C.

*Dark blue* is employed for the Ephraimite manuscript (E), in which, originally, the deity was described, not as JHVH, but as 'God,' or Elohim. Such a passage occurs in the biography of Gideon:—

And the spirit of JHVH possessed Gideon, and he sounded the alarm . . . Then Gideon said to God: *If thou wilt really deliver Israel by my hand, etc. . . . And God*

*did so that night the fleece only was dry, while there was dew on all the ground.* Then JHVH said to Gideon, etc.

No man in his senses would change from JHVH to 'God,' and 'God' to JHVH, like this. It is evident that somebody has taken two old manuscripts and joined together excerpts from both, as newspaper-editors sometimes combine the work of two men into one leading article.

*Light blue* marks certain phrases and verses which appear to be later in date than the first Ephraimite document, and yet are penned in the same general style.

*Dark purple* covers the portions in which the Judaic and Ephraimite compositions are so closely interwoven that the critics have not been able to disentangle them.

*Light purple* indicates words which were added by the editor of the white and blue documents.

*Green* tells of a different age and a different class of theological ideas. This green emanates from a Deuteronomist—that is, a man whose religious thoughts run in the groove of the book of Deuteronomy. The Deuteronomist is piously reflective; he throws in commentaries; it is he who keeps saying that the Israelites did evil in Yahveh's sight, and therefore the Lord sent oppressors until his people repented. Such a species of piety was of course later in date than the free-and-easy stories of Samson and Ehud.

*Yellow* points to little additions or 'glosses' which one can see did not belong to the first form of the history, but which were written in many years afterwards by the scribes of Post-exilic times.

A careful study of these literary strata (and the subject is not one to be lightly skimmed) will gradually make plain to the reader the underlying causes of the peculiar hitches, repetitions, and contradictions which used to puzzle the Protestant commentators on the Bible. These old national stories were a patchwork of contributions, a mass of heterogeneous scraps. It is impossible to believe that a Divine Revelation could have been constructed on this basis of careless miscellaneousness. No sane man can imagine God permitting his Word to be taken to pieces, mended and republished with arbitrary notes and comments by this or that priestly clerk as the whim moved them. One ought even to apologise for arguing the question at all.

## IMPERIAL BUCCANEERS.

WE have just been looking over Mr. Frederic Harrison's very telling address on 'The Centenary of the Revolution,' spoken in London, in 1889. One portion of it is even more vital to-day;

One of the most melancholy forms which this imperialism is taking is that kind of aggression which is new to our own generation, and seems destined to occupy so much of the energies of the next—the partition and exploitation of the vast African continent. Within the last twenty years or so, the

white races of Europe have flung themselves on this unhappy soil, with all the fury and greed of wreckers fighting for the plunder of a stranded ship. Not content with an empire over 250,000,000, of Hindoos in Asia, to which they are still fighting to annex even another kingdom, our own people are, as usual, in the van of the scramble to carve out empires from the limitless tracts of Africa. Assuredly, it can be no part of our ideal of the future of Humanity that any section of the planet should be walled off from the rest, or that the races of different colour should be permanently isolated from each other and maintain a separate race civilisation. In a healthy state of things, and if Christianity were equal to its proud pretensions, it would be the business of the advanced and Christian white races of Europe gradually to raise the standard of civilisation through Asia and ultimately throughout Africa. But, what we see to-day in Africa is the mere lust of conquest, of trade gains, of lands to be won by fighting, and profits to be snatched by fraud, strength, wealth and chicanery. The European nations who are racing against each other for the most tempting slices of the spoils of Africa are acting as mere buccaneers. Soldiers, pioneers, discoverers, geographers, travellers, missionaries and philanthropists, however noble may be the character and the purpose of some few amongst them, are all really engaged along with the journalists, the pseudo-scientists and the merchants who hound them on, in plundering and enslaving Africa; in crushing, demoralising and degrading the African races. The talk about civilisation, science, commerce and Christianity, the pretence of putting down war, superstition, cruelty and slavery, is idle babble; though sincere men, not seeing that they are tools in the hands of buccaneers, may sincerely avow these as their motives. Greed, money-making, plundering the natives, driving them from their choicest homes, and forcing them into some kind of industrial slavery, is the real, continual, paramount aim. And whatever is higher in purpose than this, is, at best, the lust of empire, and of vast transmarine possessions. The higher motives alleged, from the interests of science to the hatred of slavery, are mere pretences to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation. A true zeal for civilisation does not involve conquest and extermination. True Christianity is not the obsequious chaplain to 15 per cent. The horrors of the Slave trade are not confined to places where a syndicate of merchants scent out a new market. Nor is the noble science of map-making an adequate ground for an obstinate series of bloody wars and cruel conquests. Civilisation, philanthropy and religion, if they came with pure hands and clear conscience, would not come burning, bombarding, shooting, destroying, and subjugating the weak, the ignorant and the harmless. Christianity, mercy and gentleness, should be taught by moral agencies, as St. Augustine taught the religion of Christ in Kent, and as St. Boniface taught it on the Rhine, and not with Krupp cannons, armoured ships of war, cavalry, and machine guns. To civilise the African races is a task no doubt of extraordinary difficulty. It cannot be done as a mere appendage to the founding of a commercial empire by governments racing to be beforehand with each other in snatching the best provinces, and by adventurers racing with each other

to be the first to amass fortunes and force markets. The enormous African continent is such by climate and physical conditions that Northern Europeans, at least, cannot permanently settle in it, or only in strips of it, not one hundredth part of its whole bulk. They can only establish themselves on that continent as conquerors, relieving guard from each other every few years, and holding it solely as an army of occupation. Under these conditions they never can do more than dominate the actual inhabitants. Between these of black race and the European conquerors there will be even less of race intermixture and of social contract than between Europeans and the cultivated natives of the Indian peninsula. And the sum of these considerations is, that the European nations are in fact scrambling, under the thirst for gain and the pride of empire, to form in Africa a dozen Hindostans; where the whites will be for centuries mere money-seeking masters, and the natives will be practically demoralised slaves.

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## PARTIES IN THE CHURCH.

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ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, writing in 'The Church Gazette' gives us an up-to-date sketch of 'The State of Parties in the Church.' The following extracts give a fairly connected summary of his remarks;

The state of the Church at the present moment appears to me something like the Church of Corinth in St. Paul's days, when one said, 'I am of Paul,' and another, 'I am of Apollos,' and another 'I am of Christ.' But it is probably unavoidable, since the Reformation, that there should be different tendencies of thought and opinion.

What is called the High Church, or Anglican, Party is now probably by far the most numerous. But that, again, consists of several divisions. The extreme wing is strongly in sympathy with the standard of doctrine and ritual previous to the Reformation; others take Archbishop Laud's position; others lay great stress on music and ceremonial.

Figures, usually given from statistics on the subject, illustrating the dimensions of the High Church Party, are as follows :—

|                               |       |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Churches with vestments .. .. | 1,632 |
| "    " incense .. ..          | 307   |
| "    " altar lights.. ..      | 3,538 |
| "    " mixed chalice .. ..    | 2,111 |
| "    " eastward position.. .. | 5,964 |

As the benefices amount to 14,000, this represents an enormously strong body of ecclesiastical opinion, which, every one must admit, has now made an effectual position for itself in the Church, and probably will increase every year, and give its colour to the Church of England generally.

Next, a few words about the Moderate Party. They are strong at the universities, public schools, on the bench of

bishops, and among cultivated people generally. They were represented by the late Dean of Llandaff, Archbishop Tait, and Bishop Lightfoot. They are not, however, in a strict sense, a party, but a school of thought. As they have hitherto had no organ or organisation, there is no means of estimating their numbers. They are content with the Church of England standards as settled at the Reformation, like the simple dignity of our Cathedral service, and contain, probably, the most literary section of the Church.

The Broad Church school is still less cohesive, for the essential idea of Broad Churchism implies independence of thought, and, in consequence of the adoption by the High Church Party of the freest and boldest criticism of the Old Testament, the Broad Churchmen have become much mixed up with that section.

Lastly, we come to those called Evangelical. They, I think, are more numerous than at any previous time in the Church's history. They have many points of affinity with the High Church, for they have always held strongly to Church government, and to the historical episcopal ordination. They have little sympathy with the Nonconformists. They believe themselves to be very close to the principles of the Reformation. . . . They are very doubtful as to the supposed results of the present stage of Old Testament criticism, and hold for the most part to a very full theory of inspiration.

There is also a wing of the Evangelicals who might be called 'Low Church,' who incline somewhat to undenominationalism, and see less difficulty than others in joining actively in Nonconformist work. These are more numerous amongst the laity than amongst the clergy.

It will thus be seen that all parties contribute something of value to the Christian life in England. The less they are stereotyped by party associations and traditions, the better for themselves and the Church.

That is all very well. But if these Romanists and Rationalists have got to live together in the one State Church, why does not the State admit the inevitable, and enable them to do it legally and honestly?

## CREATION RECORDS IN EGYPT.\*

MR. ST. CLAIR is rightly credited with a considerable amount of out-of-the-way knowledge concerning the old worlds of Egypt and the Holy Land: and, in this industriously compiled and very readable book, he gives us the benefit of a good deal of it. Right at the beginning it ought to be said that Mr. St. Clair is the very reverse of a dry-as-dust potterer in dusty tombs. He has

\* Creation records discovered in Egypt [Studies in the Book of the Dead].  
By George St. Clair. London: David Nutt. 20s. 6d.

bright ideas of his own, is fond of unravelling a mystery, and has a singularly taking style. Mr. St. Clair claims to be an original discoverer, or restorer of lost knowledge, in the sense that he has reconstructed a ruin, and brought mythology within the bounds of science. His three main results are these:—

1. The myths of Egypt are all related to one another, and are neither separate fables nor idle fancies.

2. They reveal an astro-religious system, and tell a true story of astronomical progress, calendar correction, and theological changes, before the time of our written histories.

3. An era not far removed from the traditional date of creation was an important era in this history, but was not the Beginning. The narratives of Creation, Fall of Angels, Fall of Man, Evil Serpent, Flood, Babel, &c., appear in these Records in their first and true meaning, and it is seen on what grounds the Egyptians believed in a Future Life.

The system of teaching here dealt with 'existed 6,000 years ago, and the people who elaborated it were not mere savages. They had a good deal of knowledge of astronomy; they discovered that the earth is a globe . . . the magnificence of their temples bears witness to the seriousness of their piety, and the after history of the world shows how deep were the impressions made so early.' But, 2,000 years ago this 'wisdom' disappeared; 'the language was dead, the clue to the allegory was lost.'

To recapture the lost 'wisdom,' to find the connecting links of the hidden meanings, and to combine the whole into a unity of thought, feeling and imagination, is Mr. St. Clair's aim. He claims that his book is 'almost the first effort at systematic reconstruction.' We leave that for the experts to decide. We can only report that he has produced a learned and most enlightening work; though at times it is terribly astronomical. In fact, it is radically an astronomer's book. An astronomer, with a mystical turn of mind, would revel in it.

## A FREE AND HONEST NATIONAL CHURCH.

A LATE sermon by the Rev. Charles Voysey concludes with the following striking paragraphs, which we entirely endorse;—

As Parliament is at present constituted, it is absolutely unfit and would steadfastly refuse to undertake in detail any reformation of the doctrines or ritual of the Church. At the most it might deal with Discipline, as it has already done in this century, but with little advantage. It did not go far enough in the direction of liberty. And the Act was set at defiance by the priestly party. The priestly party will, of course, aim at the restitution of legislative powers to Convocation. But that step, if granted, would make any measure of true reform absolutely impossible. No one knows better than the bishops and clergy know that that step would be the death-knell of all possibility of Reform. Reform is the one thing, in its good and true sense, which Convocation and the English Church Union dread the most. Give them the power and they will cry with the Pope of Rome, "*Non possumus mutare.*"

There is, however, one step in the direction of real Reform in the Church of England which even Parliament, as it stands, might be willing, and certainly would be quite able, to take. It need not bother itself with specific doctrines or ceremonies. All it needs to do is to make the belief and teaching of all its present doctrines permissive; that clergy should have the right of teaching them or not as they pleased; or as their consciences bound them; and that the Acts of Uniformity should be repealed and a short simple Act passed, enabling the clergy and laity in concert to have what form of public worship they preferred in their own parish. This step would save the priestly party from the wickedness of breaking the law. Their present liberty is stolen. Then, it would be given to them and lawful, and no Mr. Kensit would make them afraid. It would release thousands of clergy from the present imputation of preaching what they themselves do not believe. It would open the lips of thousands more who have a purer and more beautiful conception of God and man and destiny than they now dare to proclaim. The best thoughts would be sought for, now that the best thoughts might be spoken. The State would be set free from the very serious charge of supporting one set of religious opinions to the exclusion of all the others. The Church would then become really National, no religious teacher being excluded on account of his convictions. There would be either more or less diversity of belief and ritual than at present. Is it possible there could be more than there is now? But even if more, there would be no strife, no ill-will, no recrimination, for all would stand alike on equal rights to be true to himself and his own convictions. The clergy and laity would be far more likely to come to a closer agreement in belief from the day that they were set free to think for themselves and to use their God-given faculties without let or hindrance. And thus equipped and unshackled, the clergy of the Church of England would make for ever impossible the submission of this country to the execrable tyranny of popes or the wily craft of ambitious priests.

Yet one word more. The only persons, clergy or laity, who would object to my little scheme are those who fear that such liberty as I propose would be fatal to the survival of their own religious beliefs. They would say: 'If you remove all enforcement of dogma from the clergy, we shall soon have

none of our dogmas left.' Then I must reply: '*That* shows how little you believe the dogmas to be true: for you admit that they would cease to be taught the moment you ceased to enforce them. Can you ring a death-knell over your own beliefs and dogmas louder and deeper than this?—'What will become of our orthodox doctrines when the clergy are allowed to speak their honest minds?''

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## THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

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THE unobservant or ignorant newspaper politicians have had an amusing lesson. Some of them obviously did not know the elementary fact that the 1881 Treaty with 'The Transvaal State' was changed in 1884 for a Treaty with 'The South African Republic,' and that, from this new Treaty, 'suzerainty' was deliberately kept out. Lord Derby, with his own hands, deleted it from the old Treaty in preparing a draft for the new. 'The Daily News,' fully awaking to this fact, applies it to the case of poor blustering Mr. Kotze, who is appealing to the British Government, and who bases his appeal on something depending upon the 1881 Treaty. 'But,' says the 'Daily News' ruefully, 'it does not seem to us simple by any means. The question is whether these guarantees did not disappear under the Convention of 1884.' We do not suggest that 'The Daily News' needed to be enlightened about the two Treaties, but it evidently needed to be roused up.

By the way, what do the rowdy class of newspapers expect to get by their abuse of President Kruger? and what good does 'Punch' expect to do with its most irritating picture of the President as a snarling dog? All this rather blackguardly provocation is as pernicious as it is low. Anyway, it does not make for peace.

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## FOR JENNY AND JOHN.

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THIS is an oldish story, but it is said that it is quite true:—'Last summer, near a student's quiet room, a humming-bird built her tiny nest and reared her family. One day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, just as the first drops fell, the mother

came fluttering home, seized a large leaf which grew on the tree near her nest, drew it over the nest in a way to completely cover it, then went back to whatever work she had been about when the coming storm disturbed her. The amused watcher from the window wondered why the leaf did not blow away, and finally reached out and examined it. He found it hooked to a tiny stick which was just inside the nest, as if it had been built in for that purpose! The storm lasted but a few minutes; and, after it was over, home came the mother, unhooked the green curtain she had so carefully put up, and found her babies perfectly dry.'

And yet there are animals called 'men' who shoot these gentle, wise and beautiful creatures; and other animals called 'women' stick them in their hats! You would not believe it if you had not seen it. But there are actually horrid people who eat skylarks,—not because they are poor and are driven to it, but because they are rich and can afford to pay people to catch or shoot them. Is it not awful?

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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AN OMISSION.—Last month, we noticed a book entitled, 'Breathings of the angel's love, &c.' By some mistake, the name of the author, or compiler, James Macbeth, was omitted.

A USEFUL CATALOGUE.—Messrs. Williams & Norgate have issued a very useful and cleverly arranged catalogue of books covering a wide area, but most of them in the region of Bibliography, Philosophy, Ecclesiastical History, Psychology and Eastern Lore. The catalogue extends to 46 large pages, and might profitably be consulted by those who want books on any particular subject. The price is sixpence.

'RATHER BRITTLE.'—An elderly lady lately lost her favourite cat, which had to be sent to 'The Cats' Home' at Hampstead. She got so terribly excited over her loss that she died. The physician said that 'death was due to the rupture of a blood vessel on the brain, and that there was no doubt that, owing to the excitement of losing her favourite cat, the blood vessels, which were rather brittle, gave way.' We have long suspected that many of these cat and dog harbourers are 'brittle' somewhere. We are profoundly grateful to Mr. Long for what he has done to abate the terrible plague of dogs.

QUEER ENGLISH.—Some of the London papers are still the worst sinners. 'The Evening News' says; 'Among the advertisements in an American paper was one which extolled the merits of a patent medicine, and it was a testimonial as follows: "I am now completely restored to health, after having been at death's door, through having taken five bottles of your medicine." Unfortunately the comma after "death's door" was omitted.' 'The Evening News' ought to know that the comma is not the right cure. Of course the statement should have commenced, and not concluded, with, 'Through having taken, &c.' But the error is a very common one in London, as we have often shewn.

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'THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD.'—'The Church Gazette,' reviewing 'A study of the Saviour in its newer light,' concludes thus; 'The writer has expressed throughout a decided belief in the divinity of our Lord; the precise value which he attaches to this belief we must leave him to explain for himself.' A very cute remark! The honest truth is that there is more misleading cant talked about 'the divinity' of Christ than about any other subject. More than half the people who use that phrase believe that Christ was a man, just as John or Paul was — 'a partaker of the divine nature,' not the Almighty God in disguise.

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SOCIALISM IN A (COCOA) NUT SHELL.—*The Coming Nation* says; 'Once upon a time there were ten monkeys hunting together. They discovered a cocoanut across the stream. Nine of them form a bridge, the tenth monkey crosses over, secures the cocoanut, and claims it as his own. This is the claim of the modern capitalist. But how did the tenth monkey get the cocoanut? By walking on the backs of the nine.'

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SOLDIERS GOING TO CHURCH.—It certainly is a curious thing that soldiers cannot go to church like other people. Why go blaring through the streets, like rowdy Pharisees? This, from a reliable source, is to the point; 'To the average Englishman a temperance sermon is simply a waste of breath. On the brave old English soldier it has about as much effect as water on a duck's back. The following paragraph from the *Essex Telegraph* states the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;—"The troops in Colchester garrison last Sunday marched into church to the inspiring strains of 'The Good Rhine Wine.' An earnest temperance sermon followed, and the men were played out to the tune of 'Beer, Glorious Beer.'"

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THE LONDON PRESS.—*The Globe* is not one of the incontinent half-penny papers in London. It sells for one penny, but, in some respects, it is as horrid as *The Evening News*. For instance, it dwells with admiration on Rhodes and his gang of desperados, and yet refers to President Kruger as 'the wily and unscrupulous President.' Could anything better shew the odious state of mind of a portion of the men who help to run London?

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

'THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.' Third series. By Lillian Whiting. London: Gay and Bird. We are not surprised to see a third series of these thoughtful and happy Papers; and we are not surprised to find that this bright woman is still more interested in spirit-communion, concerning which she has much to say that is most interesting. But the little book takes a wide range: the twenty-seven dainty essays serving as so many windows to what is indeed a 'world beautiful.' In her desire to be up-to-date, Miss Whiting's science is not always exact, but her thoughts and spiritual influences are always absolutely beautiful and good.

'CHRIST IN LONDON.' By Rev. F. S. Ross. St. Austell: J. Warne. One Shilling. A vigorously-written imaginative work, all ablaze with strong thoughts and strong language:—exaggerated and improbable, but on the right side.

'THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH. Tracts for the Times': 4th series. London: Philip Green, Essex Hall. 'The Triumph of Faith' is the title of the last of these Papers. It is by Dr. Stopford A. Brooke, and was probably first used as a lecture. The other Papers are by R. A. Armstrong, Dr. J. Freeman Clarke, Dr. C. C. Everett, Dr. John Fiske, J. Page Hopps, W. Lloyd, Dr. M. J. Savage, C. J. Street and J. T. Sunderland. Most of the Papers come moderately well under the title of 'The Triumph of Faith,' but the little textual commentary by Mr. J. Page Hopps seems quite out of place.

'SHORT STUDIES ON VITAL SUBJECTS.' By the Rev. P. W. De Quetteville, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. These 'Studies' are really sermons of a reflective or meditative kind; the congregation being treated as fellow thinkers and students. But the subjects are intensely personal, and relate to life, in harmony with the writer's statement, that 'It is the design of this volume to give a foremost place to those springs of ethical activity which constitute the rule of life, and whose impairment is succeeded by individual and national declension.' Hence, the subjects are distinctly religious, in the sanest modern sense. They include; 'Christ Reflected: His Parable of Judgment'; 'Bearing one another's Burdens'; 'The Meaning of Hospitality: Christ's Extension of its Exercise'; 'Christ's Offer of Rest to the Heavy-Laden'; 'The Sainted Dead'; 'Waiting for the Moving of the Waters: Bethsadas of To-day'; 'The Vanishing and the Abiding'; 'The Universal Beseeking: a Long Life, even for Ever and Ever'; 'The Flowers of the Field: Christ's Illustrations in the Spirit, not in the Letter'; 'The Evolution of the Spiritual'; 'Prayer.'

There is a certain calm radiancy in this book which makes it easy to read, and a sweet reasonableness which never ruffles the reader. There are 26 studies, and, of all of them, it may be said, that they remind us of the 'well of water springing up unto everlasting life.' They are essentially calming, refreshing, purifying.

# EVERY DAY WITH THOREAU.

JULY.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,  
 As near the ocean's edge as I can go;  
 My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'er reach,  
 Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.  
 I have but few companions on the shore;  
 They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;  
 Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er  
 Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

—THE FISHER'S BOY.

- 1—The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly.—*Walden.*
- 2—We are as much as we *see*. Faith is sight and knowledge. The hand only serves the eyes.—*Spring.*
- 3—The partridge loves peas, but not those that go with her into the pot.—*Walking.*
- 4—There is more religion in men's science than there is science in their religion.—*Week.*
- 5—Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look *at* her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone.—*Spring.*
- 6—Sin, I am sure, is not in overt acts, or indeed in acts of any kind, but it is in proportion to the time which has come behind us, and displaced eternity, to the degree in which our elements are mixed with the elements of the world. The whole duty of life is implied in the question, how to respire and aspire both at once.—*Winter.*
- 7—I love to see a man with a tap-root, though it make him difficult to transplant.—*May Days.*
- 8—Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes. If there is not a new man, how can the new clothes be made to fit?—*Walden.*
- 9—At what an expense any valuable work is performed!—at the expense of a life! If you do one thing well, what else are you good for meanwhile?—*Spring.*
- 10—If I wish for a horse-hair for my compass I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road.—*Diary.*
- 11—There are other letters for the child to learn than those which Cadmus invented.—*Walking.*
- 12—As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavouring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me, the human insect.—*Walden.*

- 13—Of what account are titles and offices and opportunities, if you do no memorable deed?—*Autumn.*
- 14—Most men do not know that any nation but the Hebrews have had a Scripture.—*Walden.*
- 15—The only way to speak the truth is to speak lovingly. Only the lover's words are heard. The intellect should never speak. It does not utter a natural sound.—*Spring.*
- 16—The Friend asks no return but that his Friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him.—*Week.*
- 17—Parents and relatives but entertain the youth. They cannot stand between him and his destiny. This is the one bare side of every man. There is no fence. It is clear before him to the bounds of space.—*Spring.*
- 18—The outward is only the outside of that which is within. Men are not concealed under habits, but are revealed by them; they are their true clothes.—*Letter.*
- 19—Science is inhuman. Things seen with a microscope begin to be insignificant. If you would obtain insight, avoid anatomy.—*May Days.*
- 20—The moral powers no one would presume to calculate. Suppose we could compare the moral with the physical and say how many horse-power the force of love for instance, blowing on every square foot of a man's soul, would equal. No doubt we are well aware of this force; figures would not increase our respect for it; the sunshine is equal to but one ray of its heat.—*Paradise (to be) Regained.*
- 21—Hard are the times when infant's shoes are second foot.—*Diary.*
- 22—How alone must our life be lived. We dwell on the sea-shore, and none between us and the sea. Men are my merry companions, my fellow-pilgrims, who beguile the way, but leave me at the first turn in the road, for none are travelling one road so far as myself.—*Spring.*
- 23—What a pity if we do not live this short time according to the laws of the long time,—the eternal laws! Let us see that we stand erect here, and do not lie along by our *whole length* in the dirt. Let our meanness be our footstool, not our cushion. In the midst of this labyrinth let us live a *thread* of life.—*Letter.*
- 24—Nothing is so much to be feared as fear—Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself.—*Diary.*
- 25—In the meanest are all the materials of manhood, only they are not rightly disposed.—*The Service.*
- 26—If I wished to see a mountain or other scenery under the most favourable auspices, I would go to it in foul weather, so as to be there when it cleared up; we are then in the most suitable mood, and nature is most fresh and inspiring. There is no serenity so fair as that which is just established in a tearful eye.—*Maine Woods.*
- 27—What is the use of going right over the old track again? There is an adder in the path which your own feet have worn. You must make tracks into the Unknown.—*Letter.*

- 28—As the skies appear to a man, so is his mind. Some see only clouds there, some prodigies and portents; some scarce look up at all, their heads, like those of the brutes, are directed towards earth. Some behold there, serenity, purity, beauty ineffable. The world run to see the panorama, while there is a panorama in the sky which few go out to see.—*Winter.*
- 29—Most things are strong in one direction, a straw longitudinally, a board in the direction of its edge, but the brave man is a perfect sphere, which cannot fall on its flat side and is equally strong every way.—*The Service.*
- 30—There are now-a-days professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live.—*Walden.*
- 31—For a companion I require one who will make an equal demand on me with my own genius.—It is suicide, and corrupts good manners to welcome any less than this.—*Week.*

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## OBEDIENCE.

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‘He shall know of the doctrine.’

‘THIS do and thou shalt live,’

But who presumes to give

Behest so stately?

May I not plainly see

The curtained royalty,

That speaks so greatly?

‘This do and life is thine,’

Wherefore should I resign

Myself demurely;

Who hear the fiat call,

But know no more at all

Who calls so surely?

‘This do ——.’ But wherefore ‘do,’

Ere yet thou tell’st me true

The claim upon me:

By whom the same is sealed,

’Tis this must be revealed

Ere thou hast won me.

‘Child of my hungering heart,

I cannot draw apart

The veil between us.

It sits upon thine eyes,

Thou weavest the disguise

That serves to screen us.

‘Fast in the fleshly net

Thine ear may guess not yet

The King that calls thee.

This do and thou shalt live.

Obey, and I can give

What disenthral thee.’

—AMBROSE BENNETT.